The Sketch

No. 2542—Vol. CXCVI. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1942. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

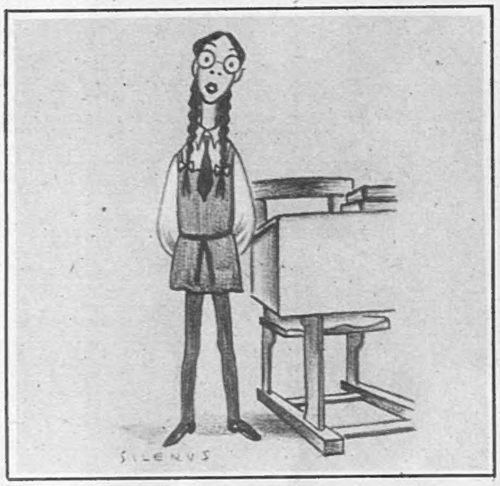
HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI. *of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, is the central figure of our Empire, now fully extended in the greatest struggle we have ever known. He has always been air-minded, and gained his pilot's wings when he was Duke of York. This, his latest portrait, shows him in his uniform of Marshal of the Royal Air Force. He and the Queen have visited many R.A.F. stations and establishments; and recently inspected the headquarters of the Air Transport Auxiliary.*

PORTRAIT BY HUGH CECIL.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Criminals All. The startled eye of many sufferers has recently been caught by an advertisement headed : " Should We Go to Prison for Catching Colds ? " In Erewhon, the answer would have been clear and firm ; in that enlightened country, disease was a felony, and I suppose a "common" cold — as doctors contemptuously call this scourge of the human race — was at least an offence of summary jurisdiction. In this more backward land, the answer to the question must be different, on the purely practical ground that there are not enough prisons to contain even a fraction of the offenders, who comprise the majority of the population. But for that lucky circumstance, the present writer would be in danger of at least ten years' penal servitude, and he has no defence except to throw himself on the mercy of the court. In that abject condition he approaches with diffidence some of the burning questions of this grave hour.



" Now, in many respects, Napoleon tried to be another Hitler."

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Next to Godliness. Among these, soap undoubtedly holds a high place. What says the poet about the " priest-like task of pure ablution " ? We are all in danger of being less priest-like than aforetime, though let us hope that we shall not be completely unfrocked. If it is any satisfaction to Hitler to know it, this is a shrewd blow—perhaps a shrewder blow than he realises. This nation attaches an almost superstitious sanctity, which is not always fully appreciated by other nations, to soap, for which, unfortunately, science has not found any satisfactory substitute—except, perhaps, faith. I *have* seen the " fool of the platoon "—the victim of a heartless practical joke—attempting to perform his pure ablutions with a cube of ration cheese, but it did not seem to work very well. Among one section of the community, the Soap Edict has been greeted not merely without regret, but with positive elation. The Young rejoice exceedingly. They now have a complete answer to parental exhortations and reproaches. You cannot wash behind the ears without the soap to wash with. Unquestionably, youth scores.

Down with the Young ! But then the youth of this country is notoriously depraved. This problem of the Terrible Infant, to which I have referred more than once, causes more and more anxiety. I read that thirteen hundred naughty boys and girls are waiting in Remand Homes (and sometimes, I fear, in prison) until places can be found for them in Home Office Approved Schools. It looks as if those who are so fierce about the Old School Tie need not worry, as it is likely to be replaced in future by the Approved School Tie. I see that a Member of Parliament has been advocating the creation of a Ministry of Childhood—to be carefully distinguished, I presume, from a Ministry of Second Childhood. This might work, but I, for one, cannot view without qualms the possibility of Regional Controllers and Divisional Inspectors of Psychology. None of us would be safe, and I simply hate to think of the forms we might have to fill in about our complexes and subliminal libidoes. We have had enough Egg Orders—don't let us have any Ego Orders. But, failing a Ministry, what *are* we to do with these Tough Babies ?—well, you can search me !

" I don't care if this ship was once an American destroyer. When you answer an officer say, 'Aye, aye, Sir' and not 'Okay, Chief.' "

DRAWN BY PITTS.

Pretty Sinister. Let us turn to something more romantic. We all love a good spy—preferably a dark and voluptuous Countess in black velvet, with an exotic name, who carries a ducky little pearl-handled revolver in her vanity-bag. These fascinating creatures have provided bread-and-butter, with an occasional slice of cake, for many an overworked scribe, and have made immense fortunes for Hollywood magnates. But they do not exist solely in Fleet Street and Hollywood. I have been reading an account of a spy trial in America. Every detail of production is there—codes and plans and invisible ink and disguises and all that the most hard-boiled film-fan could desire. At any moment you expect Conrad Veidt or George Sanders to walk in and go all sinister. An even more distinguished performer hovers in the background—Himmler himself, in a star part. His professional name, for the purposes of this film, is " Manuel Alonzo," of Madrid—and very nice, too. Don Ameche had better look to his laurels. I shall earnestly hope to see, one of these days, Manuel Alonzo playing opposite Hedy Lamarr.

Traitors and All That. But there are a great many things about spies which puzzle me. I wonder, for example, how often they get any information of real value ? They must serve up a great deal of chaff to earn their money, but I suppose it is worth it for the sake of the occasional bits of grain, of the kind which made Pearl Harbour possible. Are they, again, on the average, patriots who are prepared to take great risks for their country's cause, or are they just anybody's money ? Obviously, those who are traitors to their *own* country can have only one of two motives—pelf (which, apparently, is not usually very high) or spite, in the form of revenge for grievances. Lord Haw-Haw is a good example of the latter type. But, according to all accounts, they are seldom patriotic enough to run straight. More often than not, they are double-crossers who are trying to sell themselves to both sides, and I believe that in official quarters this is generally assumed as a matter of course. Are they courageous, or adventurous, or malicious, or just sordid and money-grubbing ? If the latter, they miscalculate, for all the evidence is that this is a form of crime which does not pay. Extraordinarily good pictures of this strange mentality are to be found in Conrad's " Secret Agent," and Somerset Maugham's brilliant story, " The Traitor," in " Ashenden."

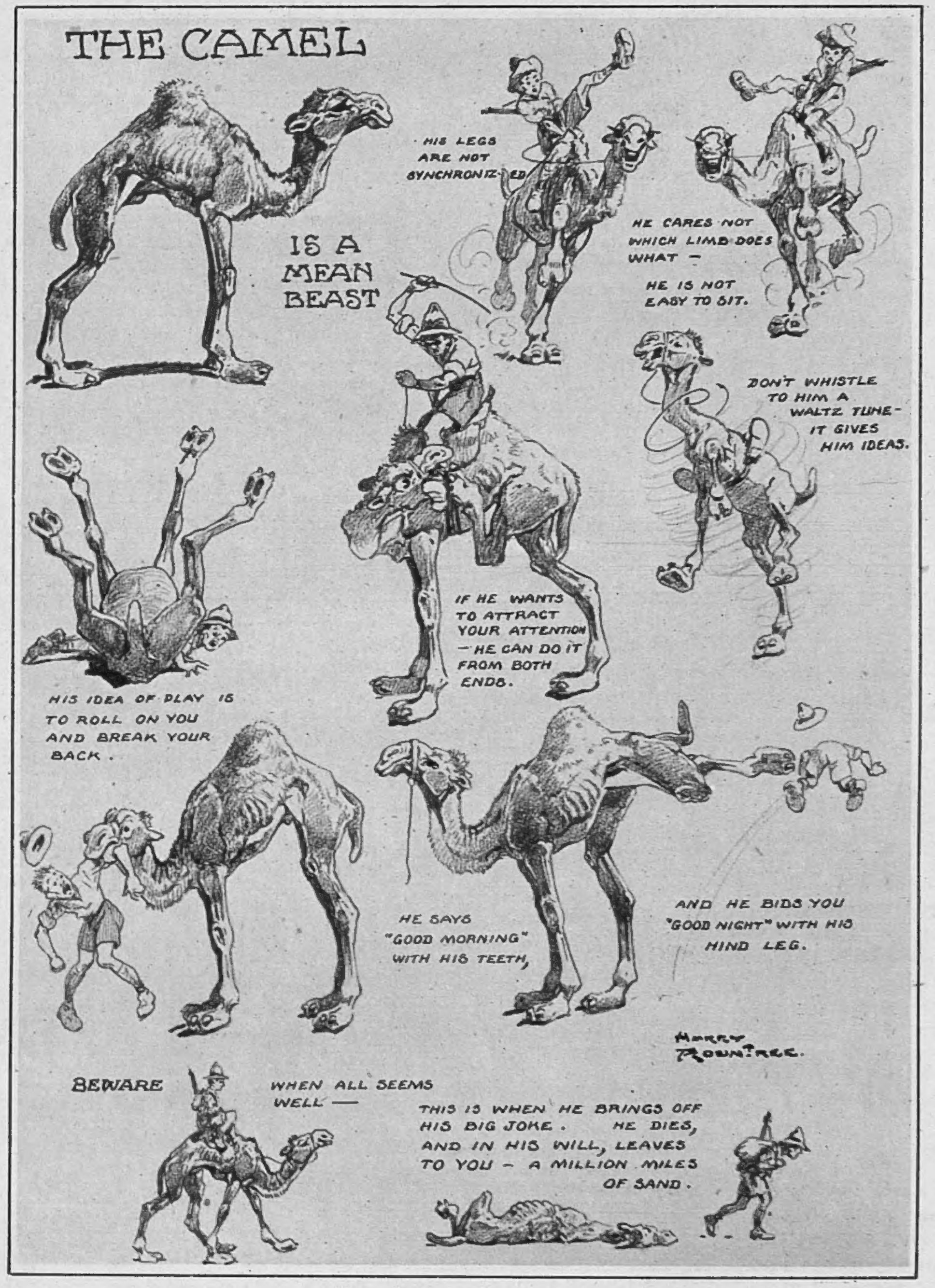
Too Easy. Sometimes one is astonished by the almost incredible ingenuousness of these " agents." Last year, some members of the Home Guard caught a spy who had been dropped in a potato-field by parachute. He hardly spoke a word of English ; he did not seem to have the least idea how to set about his job ; and, in order to provide the authentic British touch, *he was wearing spats.* I think he must have been reading Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, who, apparently, was under the impression, as late as 1939, that Young Men (members of the Drones' Club) still wore spats in Bond Street—whereas, to the best of my belief, they discarded them at least ten years ago, if not earlier. How did this extraordinarily transparent spy hope to get away with it ? I know of a case in my own part of the country in which an " officer " in British uniform, who made himself very conspicuous in hotel lounges and elsewhere, was so obviously a Hun that nobody would believe that he *was* a Hun. A mouse-like spinster, however,

against the advice of all her friends, forced herself upon the police—and the bogus Colonel was in the cells within twenty-four hours.

Too Bad to Be True. But perhaps these bluffers are right. Perhaps the correct technique for the Fifth Columnist is to be such an obvious spy that everybody thinks he is too bad to be true. At all events, this theory seems to be borne out by the experience of two members of the Field Security Police, who, not long ago, wandered about the country in the uniforms of a German soldier and a German airman. They adopted a rich, guttural accent and freely interlarded their conversation with Herr Gotts and Ach Himmels. Everybody was most charming and hospitable to them. The citizenry obligingly supplied them with any information they wanted, and the soldiery offered them cigarettes and bonhomie. Perhaps the public took it for granted that they were a couple of Nazi Big Shots who had decided to follow the example of Herr Hess. We are a strange people. We seem to oscillate between regarding everybody who owns a wireless set as a spy and regarding undisguised enemies merely as harmless eccentrics. During the *Blitzkrieg*, every stout Bishop is Goering in disguise; and during the Sitzkrieg, Adolf himself would be regarded as a screamingly funny imitation of himself.

Arms and the Man. With regard to the strategy of spy-catching, it is understood that the weapon officially recommended is a pitchfork. Few men, they say, can stand cold steel, and there is a double aspect to a pitchfork—not to mention its diabolical associations — which daunts even the most heavily-spatted spy. It is probably for this reason that the Government proposes, so it is announced, to arm the Home Guard with pikes. As a spy-impaler, the pike has few equals. A movement is afoot (states a Semi-Official Spokesman) to embody the Yeomen of the Guard and the Chelsea Pensioners, armed to the teeth with halberds and partisans. Large orders are being placed for arquebuses, and it is hoped that the Navy will soon be issued with canister and grape-shot, while a special armour-piercing culverin is under consideration. Pending these reforms, many of the Home Guard are providing themselves with broom-handles and catapults. In Lincolnshire, I see, they have brought out their bows and arrows and are reviving the Good Old Days of Robin Hood, of Crecy and of Agincourt. I am happy to state that my own household contains a Zulu battle-axe and an Australian boomerang. I am building great hopes on them.

The Emperor Jones. It is no laughing matter. If anybody imagines that a simple British citizen, armed with a pike, is not a man to be reckoned with, let him consider what was done the other day by a certain "Mr. Jones." without any pike at all. The factory was snowed-up. It looked as if the supply of the highly essential hush-hush article which the factory produced would be completely paralysed. Not if Jones knew it! He sent men out to repair the telephone-lines; he fetched the failing batteries from the exchange, recharged them and sent them back. He then telephoned the R.A.F. to bring him electricians by air and the Lifeboat Service to bring them by sea. He next ordered the Navy to bring him necessary material, and the Army to come and clear the roads. He set the Ministry of Food in motion to feed the beleaguered but indefatigable garrison in the factory. When the batteries at the exchange showed signs of faltering again, he dug out a couple of snow-bound buses and set them running to recharge. Probably no man, since the war began, has been such a dictator for twenty-four hours. And yet he is only "Mr. Jones"—that is to say, in real life he is actually Mr. Smith, or possibly Brown or Robinson. Why he is not in the War Cabinet I do not understand.



News from the Middle East.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.

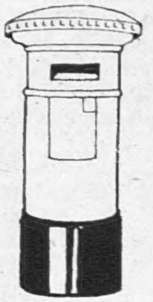
Tommy's Troubles. I hope Mr. Jones gets a good salary and, as a taxpayer, I should not grudge it to him; but I wish that Private Atkins got a better salary, and I am glad to see that there is a strong movement to give him at least a living wage. If we were not an extraordinarily patient people, we should long since have risen in revolt against the monstrous discrepancy between the pay of the civilian worker and the pay of the fighting soldier. This was one of the glaring iniquities of the last war, and everybody had supposed that it was one which we should not repeat. To-day it is worse than ever, and the whole business of wages has been allowed to become frankly chaotic. The general principle seems to be (as before)—the farther away from the front line, the higher the rewards. It cannot go on; but, mind you, if you ask me how all the added expense is to be borne, I must confess that I have not the least idea. But then, I have not the least idea how the expense of any war is borne. I dare say we shall all find out some day!

Beer and for Beer. Meanwhile, we seem resolved upon one thing—we are not going to be deprived of our British beer! There are certain constitutional rights from which nothing will part us, and this is one of them—you will find it clearly set out in Magna Carta and the Bill of Rights. It is stated on the best authority that twice as many people are drinking beer to-day as before the war. In 1941, 25,000,000 barrels were brewed—a quantity at which my imagination boggles, but I should think you could probably float a battleship in it. Far from there being a shortage, more beer is being brewed than ever for home consumption, and a great deal is being sent abroad as well. This is one of the points in which I do not feel myself as British as I should, patriotically, like to be. I do not understand the passion for beer, but who am I to set myself up against the vast majority of my countrymen—and countrywomen?

Spare a Copper! So the angular, twelve-sided threepenny-bit is in our midst again—about 120,000,000 of it. Well, why not? There was never any objection to it except conservatism, and it saves hundreds of tons of copper for munitions. Personally, I do not mind *how* many of it I collect!

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Whenever we meet Visitors they say to us, " And how does your British Restaurant work down here ? "

" There isn't one," we reply, hanging our heads.

" What ! No British Restaurant ? " they cry, looking at us askance as though we were the West Country Quislings. " What you all need is a Stick of Bombs to wake you up."

Those people here whose homes have actually been destroyed by Bombs, or who have suffered loss and anxiety on account of the war, take these remarks very much to heart, and at last feeling ran so high that it was decided to hold a Public Meeting and discuss the subject thoroughly.

" Pretended her nose was bleeding."

We always hold our meetings here at half-past seven, which is the hour when Charles staggers into his home with a white face, demanding whisky and a hot meal, and likes to find his wife sitting by the fire mending his pyjamas. Bill and the Linnet say that to complete the picture I ought to be rocking a cradle with my foot, but when they repeated this to Charles he shuddered and said " God forbid ! "

When I arrived at the Meeting at seven thirty-five, having left an apologetic note for Charles propped against the whisky decanter, the Hall was nearly full. Lady B. was there, representing the Women's Institute, Mrs. Savernack representing the Miniature Rifle Club, Mrs. Whinebite the Mothers' Union, Admiral Marsden the Urban District Council, Colonel Simpkins the Specials, Faith the A.R.P., and the Conductor the Women's Choir. I could tell a lot of other people were representing other things, too, by the solemn expressions on their faces. The W.V.S., representing the W.V.S., made a nice green patch in the middle of the Hall. My neighbour whispered to me that their uniform had been designed by a famous couturier, but be that as it may, it certainly is nice, and proves once for all that uniform can be becoming as well as serviceable.

At twenty to eight the Admiral opened proceedings by saying that the Meeting had been called with a view to discussing the possibility of starting a British Restaurant. Then he sat down and there was a long and embarrassing silence. At the end of five minutes little Mrs. Simpkins, unable to bear it any longer, pretended her nose was bleeding and left the Hall.

Then Lady B. stood up, amid a burst of hysterical cheering, and said she thought a British Restaurant would be a good idea, whereupon Mrs. Savernack jumped to her feet and said Lady B. was one of her oldest friends, and she was sorry to contradict her in public, but that she, Mrs. Savernack, was quite sure it would *not* be a good idea, especially if it were true that the Rifle Range was going to be taken over as a kitchen.

The Admiral said the point was, who would run it ? All eyes were turned on the W.V.S. Eyes always are turned on the W.V.S. when somebody asks this sort of question. I sometimes wonder if they get tired of it.

The Head W.V.S. rose to say that they had a scheme worked out all ready to be put into use.

Faith said Lord Woolton had told us that it was a way in which we might augment our rations.

I said I would be very glad to augment our rations when the Linnet came home for her day off.

Mrs. Whinebite turned on me, and with blazing eyes asked if I realised that it would mean the break-up of Home Life, and I said " Why ? "

Everybody became very angry. It has been a long and trying winter, and all the pent-up irritations of months were suddenly let loose. Shouts were heard, fists were shaken, and people who up till then hadn't cared a hoot whether we had a British Restaurant or not found themselves fighting passionately on one side or the other.

" Ladies and gentlemen—please ! " said the Admiral.

" It 's nothing but a ramp to deprive the poor Tradesman of his due."

" The Wrong People would use it."

" I 'm sure *I* don't want a British Restaurant."

" If you had no maids and three evacuees instead of a P.G. at four guineas a week, you might."

" Women ought to learn to shoot instead of cooking."

" I know the Sanctity of the Home means nothing to Bohemians like you, Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Whinebite, who seemed to hold me responsible for the whole thing.

" Henrietta is *not* a Bohemian ! "

" Yes I am ! "

" Ladies and gentlemen, *please* ! "

A little man who had been standing by the platform, holding up his hand for at least five minutes, suddenly commanded silence. " I think it is only fair to inform the Meeting," he said, " that the Chamber of Commerce has voted unanimously against a British Restaurant."

After that we all went home quietly, because, of course, it 's not the slightest good trying to run a Restaurant without the co-operation of the tradesmen.

" ' The Sanctity of the Home means nothing to Bohemians like you.' "

Next morning in the Street I saw a vaguely familiar face smiling at me.

" Hullo, Mrs. Brown ! "

" How nice to see you down here again," I said. This is what I always say to Visitors while I am trying to remember who they are.

" You remember my arm ? "

" Of course."

" My Doctor was absolutely astonished at the result. He said he couldn't have done it better himself. You might tell Doctor Brown."

" I will ! "

" Well, how are you getting on ? Of course, one simply wouldn't know there was a war on down here."

" Wouldn't one ? "

" How is your British Restaurant working ? "

" Look ! " I said. " There 's Lady B. You remember Lady B., don't you ? "

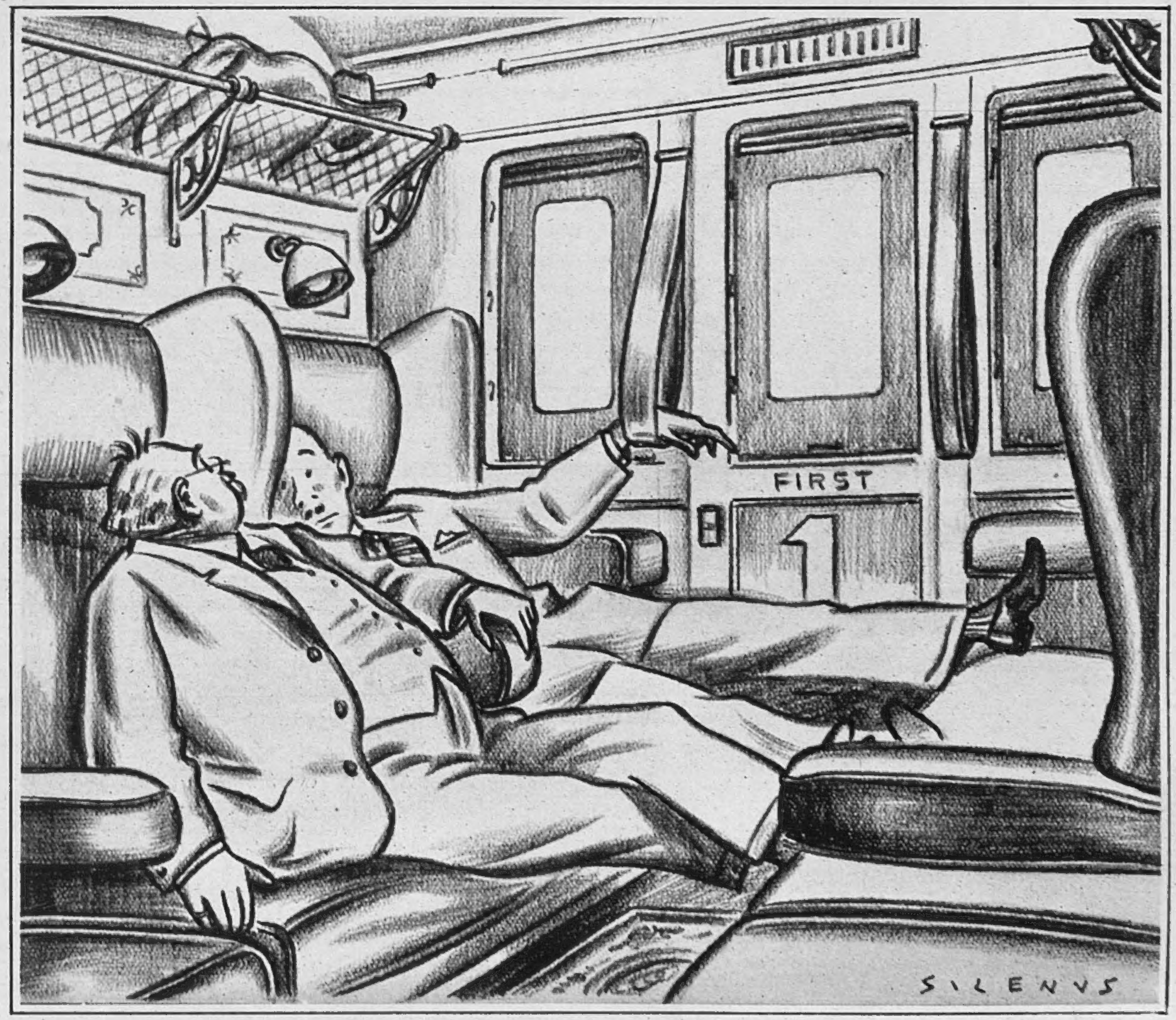
" Why, yes ! " cried the Visitor, and dived across the road, while I slipped into the Chemist's to have a little chat about soap.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

" ' You remember my arm ? ' "

" If you ask me, there seems to be a glut of shortages ! "



" I suppose it means we'll never recapture the old thrill of travelling first class on a third-class ticket."

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

EVERY WOMAN'S RECIPES.

CONCOMBRES MOLDAVES.

4 cucumbers.
6 oz. of tongue.
1 onion.
2 tomatoes.
Pepper.
Margarine (dessertspoonful).
Flour (dessertspoonful).
1 lb. of tomatoes.
1 gill of milk.

Allow one medium-sized cucumber to each person (the fat, stubby, pickling kind are best when obtainable), remove the skin and put in boiling water for twenty minutes. Take out, cut a thin slice the length of the vegetable, and with a small spoon remove the seeds and pulp. Turn them upside down and leave them to drain and dry for about half an hour. Meanwhile put the tongue, the onion and two tomatoes through the mincer; pepper to taste and fill the cucumbers with the mixture, replacing the slice originally cut off as a covering. Place in a well-greased fireproof dish, and before leaving in a medium oven for half an hour pour over a tomato sauce made as follows: Break 1 lb. of tomatoes in half and place in a saucepan over a low fire till soft. Pass through a sieve. Mix one level dessertspoonful of margarine (melted) with the same of flour, add the tomato pulp and stir in the milk. Season to taste.

POMMES CUITES AU SUCRE D'ORGE BRÛLÉ.

4 large cooking apples.
4 oz. of barley sugar.
½ gill cold water.

Peel and core the apples; grease a fireproof dish, cover the bottom with a little water, and stand the apples in the water. Place the dish in a medium oven until the fruit is soft. (Twenty minutes should be about right, but the length of time in the oven depends entirely on the hardness of the apples.) Melt 4 oz. of barley sugar over a slow fire; when reduced to a thick syrup heighten the flame and leave it to burn. Watch very carefully so as not to let it burn too much. Take off the fire and add the water; replace on the fire, stirring from time to time, until the liquid reforms a thick syrup. Pour over the apples and serve immediately.

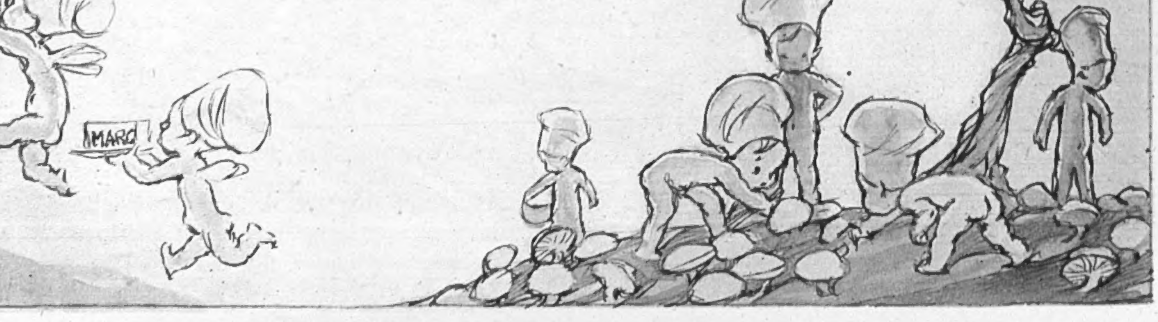
Note: To know whether the syrup has reached the right consistency, place a drop on a cold plate, draw a line through the syrup with a spoon and if the two edges don't close up immediately, it is ready.

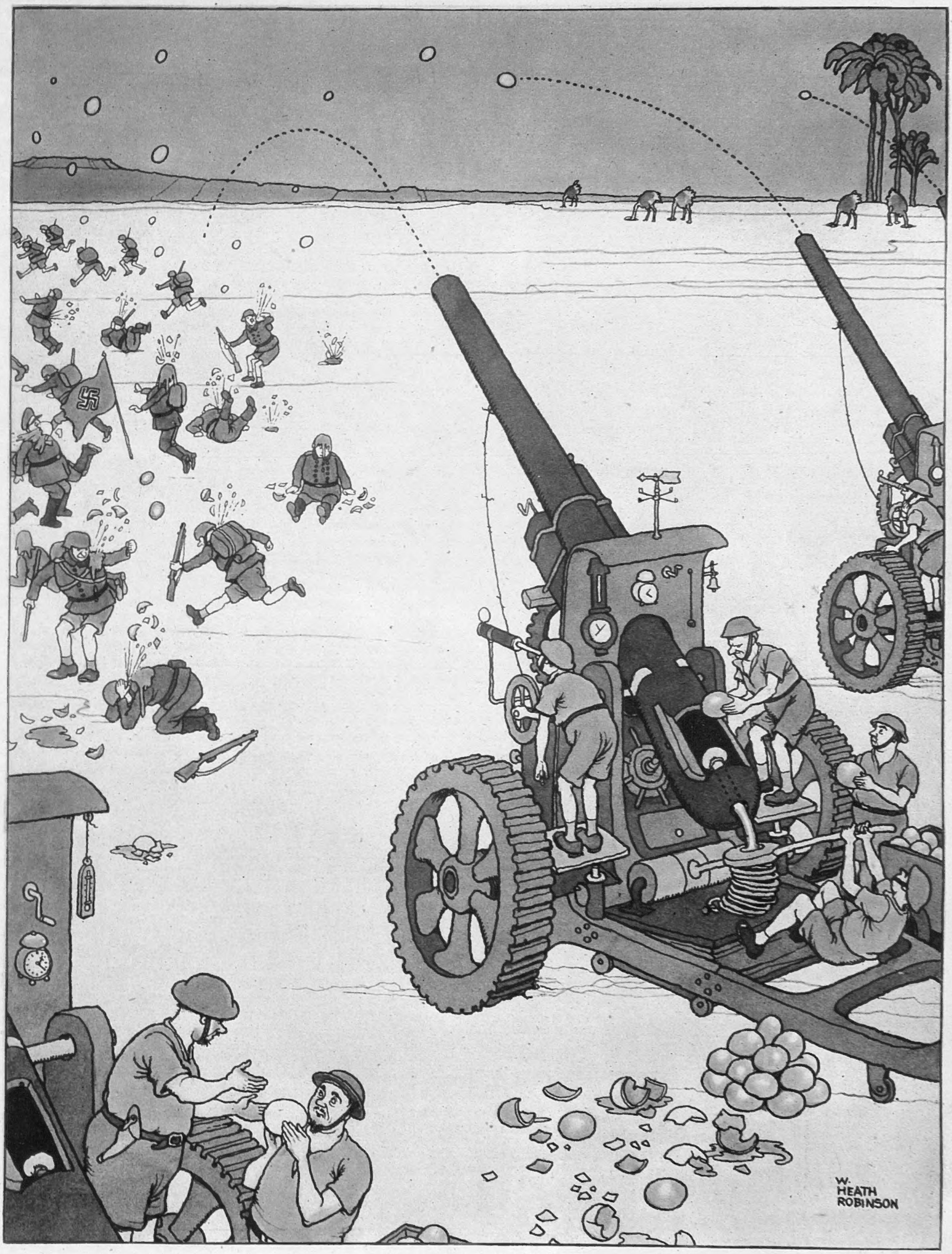
CONSOMMÉ PONT EUXIN.

½ lb. of mushrooms (fresh or dried).
1½ pints of stock.
2 oz. of margarine.
Salt.
Pepper.

Peel the mushrooms and cut them into thin strips. Put the pieces into a frying pan or saucepan with the melted margarine, a liberal pinch of pepper and a smaller one of salt; leave to simmer for ten minutes. Put the stock (vegetable or oxo) to boil and add the mushrooms, taking care not to get more of the fat than is unavoidable into the stock. Allow to boil for a further ten minutes.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.





A BATTERY OF OUR STALE OSTRICH-EGG THROWERS FOR ECONOMISING AMMUNITION IN DESERT WARFARE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

BRIGADIER JOHN CHARLES CAMPBELL, D.S.O., M.C. *(left), who has been awarded the twenty-seventh V.C. of the war for most conspicuous gallantry at Sidi Rezegh.*

MRS. JOHN CHARLES CAMPBELL, *whose husband has been awarded the V.C. and D.S.O. and bar in ten months.*

BRIGADIER (ACTING) JOHN CHARLES CAMPBELL, D.S.O., M.C., Royal Horse Artillery, has been awarded the twenty-seventh V.C. of the war for his most conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty at Sidi Rezegh on November 21 and 22, 1941. He has created a remarkable record by being awarded the V.C. and D.S.O. and bar within ten months. He also holds the M.C., which he gained in 1919. The first hint of her husband's new honour came to Mrs. Campbell when she received a cable from Brigadier Campbell which said: "Look *Gazette* Feb. 3. I am ashamed of myself." Mrs. Campbell is now staying with her father, Mr. W. Rhodes. She has not seen her husband for two and a half years. Miss Rosita Campbell is the elder of Brigadier and Mrs. Campbell's daughters.

MISS ROSITA CAMPBELL, *seventeen-year-old daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Campbell.*

THE V.C. WHO WAS "ASHAMED"; AND HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

WIFE OF THE DEFENDER OF SINGAPORE.

MRS. PERCIVAL *is the wife of Lieut.-General Arthur Ernest Percival, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., who defended Singapore against the Japanese hordes until lack of water, food and supplies forced him to surrender. She sent a message to the women of Britain through a daily paper, saying: "The duty of wives at home is to go on showing that they are not second in courage to their fighting husbands. Then we shall win." Mrs. Percival is a daughter of Mr. Thomas MacGregor Greer, of Sea Park, Carrickfergus. She was married in 1927 and has one son,* JAMES, *aged five, and one daughter. General Percival was appointed G.O.C., Malaya, in 1941. In the last war he served with distinction in France, and was in North Russia in 1919.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

"CAPTAIN OF THE CLOUDS" (Warner's), although it uses that old, jaded story about the bad boy who makes good and dies a hero's death, is top-flight entertainment, something that can be recommended at this time to everybody. It is dedicated to the Royal Canadian Air Force, and made with their full co-operation. This takes care of the quality of the air sequences. Its star is that red-headed little fighting-cock, James Cagney. This takes care of the quality of the acting. It is produced by Warner Brothers in their most expansive mood. This is a pretty good guarantee of vigorous, quick-fire action. And, finally, it is photographed in colour, which may mean a lot or nothing. In this case it means a lot.

Let us take a look at the story first, and get it over and done with. The hero is one Brian MacLean (James Cagney), the toughest, perkiest and most reckless flyer in a bunch of bush-pilots—the men who ferry odd bits of freight and stray passengers over the Canadian wilderness, from the 49th Parallel to the Arctic Circle. Brian and his rival, Johnny (Dennis Morgan), both love the same girl, Emily (Brenda Marshall). Emily is the only woman in the piece, and I fear she is a bad hat; expensive and ambitious in her tastes, a minx with a bright eye for any man, a thoroughly disturbing influence on bush-pilots. Brian understands her wild ways, but Johnny doesn't. Johnny is the serious type who wants a home and a good, steady wife, a small settled income and a modest air-line. Brian, who has his rival's best interests at heart, in spite of appearances, steals the girl from under his nose, marries and promptly leaves her. He does this, we learn, simply to save a good man from a siren. But, naturally, it leads to strained relations.

"HELLZAPOPPIN," *at the Leicester Square Theatre, is reviewed by Miss C. A. Lejeune in the article on these pages. It's a crazy, high-speed comedy, the screen version of a successful New York stage show, with Olsen and Johnson, water ballets, the Thirty Congeroos, a jitter of Negroes, Mischa Auer, half-invisible men, and many startling photographic tricks. Here Pepi* (MISCHA AUER) *is making up to Baby Betty* (MARTHA RAYE), *whom he mistakenly believes to be a rich Society girl, whereas the only "ice" she possesses is the lump in her hands!*

Heart-broken over this affair, and emotionally wide open to poster appeal, Johnny joins up in the Royal Canadian Air Force. It isn't long before the other bush-pilots follow him. Not the posters, but our Prime Minister's broadcast speech, the one about fighting on the beaches, wins them over. "Now, there's a man," says Brian of the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, "who knows how to word an invitation. . . . I don't know how it is with you, gentlemen, but I seem to have taken a sudden dislike to these clothes."

It is unfortunate for the ebullient Brian that even in the R.C.A.F. he can't get away from Johnny. Johnny is his instructor on the first formation flight. Johnny turns out to be his new Flight Commander when he is transferred to the bombing section. Overmuch proximity to Johnny, perhaps, or possibly just native devilry, leads Brian into reckless behaviourism. He is court-martialled and dismissed the Service. Stunting insolently overhead while Air Marshal Billy Bishop is presenting wings to R.C.A.F. cadets, he kills his best friend, and loses his civil pilot's licence. There is nothing left for him to do but to borrow the dead man's identity, volunteer to fly a bomber over to England, and die himself, deliberately crashing a Messerschmitt that is picking off the squadron one by one.

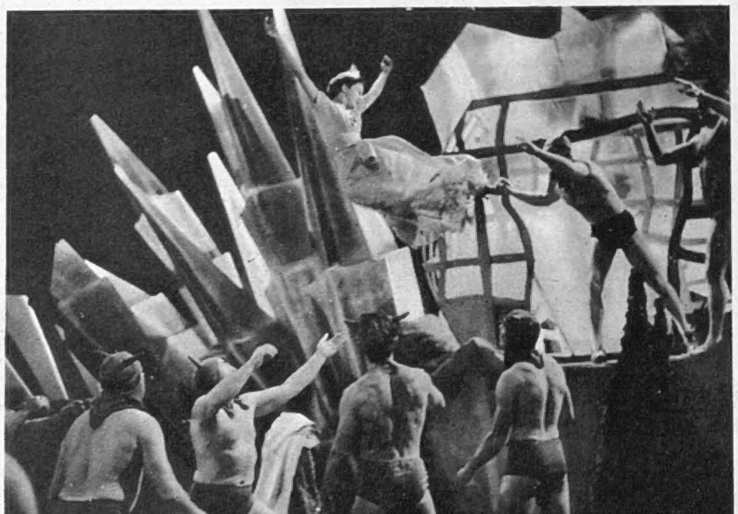
That, roughly, is the story, and, to be quite frank, it's a long time since I saw, in a major picture, a bunch of people behaving in such a silly and irresponsible fashion. But, curiously enough, it doesn't seem to matter. The film itself has such amazing vigour, is produced and cut so shrewdly for action, that you are entirely carried away by the excitement of the moment.

The flying sequences are magnificent. The misty greys and greens and blues of Technicolor lend a kind of enchantment to the bird's-eye view of Canadian woods and lakes; the gay paint of peacetime 'planes contrasts sharply with the camouflaged bombers of the later flights; the night scenes have drama in their indigo depth. As for the patriotic note, there is just enough to give the film a lift without making it embarrassing to British audiences. The scene of the Churchill broadcast was impressively done, I thought. It is good to be reminded what a tremendous speech it was, and what a high moment in history it crystallised. . . . Some dialogue-writer, our Prime Minister.

"BELLE STARR," *new 20th Century-Fox film at the Regal, is a romantic adventure story set in America after the Civil War. Belle Starr* (GENE TIERNEY), *passionately devoted to the Southern cause, marries Sam Starr* (RANDOLPH SCOTT), *a guerilla leader with a price on his head, and faces danger with her outlaw lover.*

Spencer Tracy, who notoriously worries about all his parts, is supposed to have worked up a fine old worry over his latest, "DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE." "Wait until audiences see me pulling all that ham stuff as Mr. Hyde," an American colleague reports him as saying. "Jekyll is bad enough; but Hyde! Say, do you know where I could get a job back on the stage?"

The film has arrived here at the Empire this week, after a fairly stormy passage from the American critics. And I'm glad to say that I find myself in hearty disagreement with my brother-scribes, and with Mr. Tracy's forebodings. Possibly the rôle of a sadistic murderer and maniac isn't just the thing I should have picked myself for Mr. Tracy. But I still think "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is a thundering good story, and there is nothing in his work here to make me change my opinion of the actor as one of the most honest and forceful performers on the screen.



The sensational opening sequence of the new Universal Picture "Hellzapoppin" consists of a spectacular dance, part of a pagan orgy in Hell. CHIC JOHNSON, *dressed as the devil, is introducing his new "moll."*

The present "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is a much tougher job for the star than either of its predecessors. Both the Barrymore version of 1920 and the Fredric March version of 1931 stuck to the melodramatic aspects of the story, without any serious concern over its psycho-analytical implications. Neither Mr. Barrymore nor Mr. March, I fancy, stopped to think, as he swallowed the deadly potion, that Dr. Jekyll was about to liberate the lower-half of a split personality. Transformation, each must have felt, was the job of camera-man and make-up artist. Camera and make-up together would turn Mr. Barrymore into something like an egg; Mr. March into a Neanderthal man or anthropoid ape. The actor merely had to sit back and let the boys get on with it.

Not so Spencer Tracy. Mr. Tracy, or someone about the M.-G.-M. lot, must have been reading Freud. Or possibly just reading Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote the original fable. At any rate, he makes it his job to show that man and monster are physically one, that there is something recognisable of Jekyll even in the most lurid moments of Hyde. In fact, he can't just sit back and let the make-up boys have their way. Hyde, according to Stevenson, was no outstanding monstrosity. "He is not easy to describe. . . . There is

something wrong with his appearance: something displeasing, something downright detestable. I never saw a man I so dislike, and yet I scarcely know why. He 's an extraordinary-looking man, and yet I can really make nothing out of the way." This is the figure that Spencer Tracy has set himself to draw, with some help from the make-up department, some from the lighting experts, but considerably more from his own acting. I don't say he always succeeds. There are moments when Hyde's maniacal goings-on get incorrigibly out of hand. But, on the whole, it 's a telling picture he gives of a man fighting against the horrors of a dissolution he has himself induced.

The screen version of Dumas' famous romantic novel "THE CORSICAN BROTHERS" *is due at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on March 1.* DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUNIOR, *doubles the rôles of Mario and Lucien, the Franchi twins whose amazing adventures have been freely adapted for the screen, and directed by Gregory Ratoff. Ruth Warrick plays the Countess Isabelle.*

I should hate to have to forecast your opinion of "HELL-ZAPOPPIN" (Leicester Square). You may laugh your head off, or you may yawn it off. This preposterous, lunatic, indescribable comedy may very well prove to be the hit of the town—but it might also have been the dampest squib of the season. "Hellzapoppin" is like nothing you have ever seen before, unless it be the Marx Brothers in their maddest moments. Whatever you may hear about it, you can safely assume that it is ten times more so. What is it about? Nobody could possibly tell you. There is the faintest hint of a plot about a couple of comics—Olsen and Johnson, from the New York stage show—who are making a film which involves a Broadway show, which in its turn involves the marriage of two young people. But to call it a plot is really quite misleading. There is a conspiracy on the part of every player in the cast to sabotage the plot whenever it makes an appearance.

Backchat between the players and their images on the screen, backchat with the audience and the man in the projection-booth; lantern-slides thrown across the screen, arrested motion, wildest slapstick and all sorts of tricks with the projected image and its frame, mix the picture up like a Dali-esque dream. It is all crazy, riotous nonsense, sometimes ribald, sometimes really inventive, often mere animal spirits, hung together by half-a-dozen musical numbers and the ubiquity of the Olsen and Johnson team. It is my guess that men will like it more than women. But that is just my guess.

There are still, fortunately, just a few pre-war French films in this country, and one of them, "L'ESCLAVE BLANCHE," turns up at Studio One, and proves to be a very pleasant diversion. Directed by Marc Sorkine, a name that is new to me, and "supervised" by the great G. W. Pabst, "L'Esclave Blanche" is a story of life in Turkey under the last Sultan. It is dedicated to Kemel Ataturk, who was shortly to do so much for the emancipation of his country, and presents, romantically, but with a very real feeling for atmosphere, the first faint stirrings of the struggle between the old and the new, between the conservative orientalism of the Court party, and the Western modernism of the Young Turks.

"GREAT GUNS," *which was due at the London Pavilion on February 22, is* LAUREL *and* HARDY'S *first film for over a year, and is one of the funniest they have ever made. They start off as civilians, but enlist when young millionaire Dan Forrester (Dick Nelson) is drafted, so that they can take care of him.*

The White Slave of the title is a Parisian (Viviane Romance), wife of a Turkish diplomat (John Lodge), who has spent seven years in studying social conditions in Western capitals. The pair are young, congenial and very much in love. Vedad Bey, the husband, is an advanced man according to his lights, anxious to bring social reforms to Turkey, to install gas and electricity, to overhaul the sanitation of the cities. Wife Mireille does not realise that a Turk may have modern ideas about sewerage and still cling to his old-fashioned conceptions of women.

But from the moment when she sets foot over the threshold of his great house in Constantinople, she finds the place closing in on her like a prison. A woman's life in Turkey, she learns, is bounded by the walls of the harem. Vedad Bey is a good, loving husband, and Mireille's room, he tells her, is the place to which he will come most often and most gladly. But he keeps his wife veiled in public, forbids her to attend his receptions, commands his fourteen-year-old sister to marry a venal old official and leaves the women's quarters to his mother's authority. Worst of all, he accepts a second wife from the Sultan, a meek, sleek, Caucasian creature, Tarquine (Mila Parely). And Mireille has to bear the humiliation of hearing the servants address her—*her*, Madame Vedad Bey—as "*Première Maîtresse.*"

Well, of course, she doesn't bear it. She plans to escape from Constantinople. With the help of a young Turkish revolutionary whom she has once saved from the police, she makes for the *wagons-lits* and freedom. But in Constantinople, it seems, there are spies everywhere, and there is an exciting pursuit, involving the Sultan himself, before the film is ended. "L'Esclave Blanche" is not a great film, but it is handsome, intriguing and rich in atmosphere. The subject is fresh and unhackneyed, and great care has obviously been taken over the details of dress and setting. You get a very real sense of the harem life, the harem gossip, the harem jokes and confidences; the simple ambitions of a good Turkish girl, and her naïve amusement over the Western viewpoint, are suggested with skill and understanding.

The players have been skilfully chosen, although forthright John Lodge doesn't seem quite the type, perhaps, for a Turkish diplomat. The luscious Viviane Romance looks well in the lace blouses and spotted veils of the period, and Louise Carletti is enchanting as the little sister. Gem of the picture, though, is Dalio's sketch of the furtive little Sultan, a comedy performance with the pathos of the great clown.

There is nothing very remarkable about "HOT SPOT," the American murder-mystery at the Gaumont, except the performance of Laird Cregar as a psychopathic, subtly sinister detective. You may remember the massive Cregar as the critic in "Blood and Sand." He is a vast man, with an oddly soft voice for his bulk, a heavy chin and small, compelling eyes. His work for the present film suggests a compromise between Charles Laughton and Robert Morley. I fancy he is going to be a force in pictures. "Hot Spot" is entirely dominated by Cregar's personality. Otherwise it is a neat but conventional tale of crime and police work. Who murdered Vicky Lynn (Carole Landis), the blonde glamour-girl, with our old friend the blunt instrument? Her boy-friend, the sports promoter (Victor Mature)? The detective with the creaking shoes? The ageing Romeo who got her a film test? The gossip-writer who sends flowers to the cemetery? The janitor of her apartment? Certainly not her sister (Betty Grable), the good little girl who works at the office and believes there are no short cuts to riches.

LAUREL *and* HARDY *as military men in* "GREAT GUNS." *They have a good deal of trouble with tough Sergeant Hippo, and succeed in messing-up manœuvres, but straighten out everything with Penelope's aid. Penelope, an important character, is their pet crow. Edmund MacDonald plays Hippo, the sergeant.*

The mystery is well kept up until the end, and lightened, for the romantically minded, by a slender love-story between the boy-friend and the honest sister. Miss Grable's charms are already well known to the fans. Mr. Mature is a black-avised, Latin-looking hero who has not been seen about much yet in pictures.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MISS CAROLINE GOODE—*for being a Queen Belle who can say oranges and lemons.*

MISS CAROLINE GOODE was elected Florida's Citrus Queen for 1942, and presided merrily over the orange-bowl in Miami during the celebrations, an occupation which seems to us extremely pleasant. No wonder she is undertaking it with such a happy smile!

MISS PATRICIA BRAND is a woman dispatch-rider at the Ministry of Food, where Lord Woolton controls the menu of the country. She acts as a speedy and reliable messenger on winged wheels.

MISS MARGARET MITCHELL of Atlanta, author of "Gone With the Wind," best-seller novel and world film success, looks extremely smart in her uniform as a Red Cross volunteer worker. She wears her hat at a most becoming angle.

MISS P. BRAND—*for being such a decorative Mercury for the Ministry of Food.*

MISS MARGARET MITCHELL *(of "Gone With the Wind" fame)—for wearing her Red Cross uniform with such feminine grace.*

MRS. EILEEN MARSH, better remembered as Miss Eileen Bennett, the lawn-tennis player, wears one of the scarves worked with a design representing the Star-spangled Banner, the United States Stars and Stripes flag. These scarves are on sale for the benefit of Mrs. Winston Churchill's "Aid for Russia Fund."

MRS. EILEEN MARSH *(Eileen Bennett, the lawn-tennis player)—for displaying the Star-spangled Banner to help the Hammer and Sickle.*

MISS ANN SHERIDAN *and* MR. GEORGE BRENT—*for having a real honeymoon for two after a screen "Honeymoon for Three."*

MISS ANN SHERIDAN and MR. GEORGE BRENT, two of Hollywood's most famous screen-stars, were married at Palm Beach, Fla., early this year. Last year they appeared together in the successful picture "Honeymoon for Three."

PROFESSOR C. E. M. JOAD, MR. DONALD H. MacCULLOUGH *(Question-Master), and* COMMANDER A. B. CAMPBELL *(l. to r.).*

COMMANDER A. B. CAMPBELL, MR. DONALD H. MacCULLOUGH, *and* PROFESSOR JOAD *(l. to r.).*

B.B.C. ORACLE: THE PERMANENT "BRAINS TRUSTEES."

THE "BRAINS TRUST," *or B.B.C. Oracle, which guarantees to provide information and entertainment by answering questions put to it, was founded on a cold and dismal January day in 1941, when London had been "taking it" through a long winter of almost continuous air raids. As a result of the first session, Professor Joad, Commander A. B. Campbell, and Dr. Julian Huxley received fifteen questions. The number bounded up, and now some 2000 a week is the average number; and there are at least TEN MILLION LISTENERS-IN who don't switch off when the Brains Trust comes on the air! The posers set to the B.B.C. Oracle come from people of every age and every walk of life, and some of the queries launched by schoolchildren have proved the biggest teasers. Professor Joad, M.A., D.Litt., head of the Department of Philosophy and Psychology, Birkbeck College, University of London, is the author of numerous books. In his introduction to the "Brains Trust" Book, Mr. Donald H. MacCullough, the Question-Master, says of the other permanent member of the Trust: ". . . Commander Campbell has a heart of gold. But the first time you see him he looks extremely fierce."*

"KEY LARGO," *new play by Maxwell Anderson, was given its English première by the Cambridge A.D.C.* MICHAEL BENNETT *played the hero, an American volunteer in Spain who deserts when he thinks his cause lost, and finds life with courage lost is not worth living. This is Act I., the gambling scene.*

MISS NANCIE TREHARNE REES, F.A.N.Y., *daughter of Mr. G. M. Rees, is to marry* MR. LEWIN TREVOR SPITTLE, *17th-21st Lancers, at Chalfont St. Peter on March 12.*

MR. HUGH FRANCIS, *Director of the Photographic Division of the Ministry of Information, received the O.B.E. from H.M. the King at a recent Investiture.*

The engagement of MISS SILVIA MUIR, *daughter of Mr. R. H. Muir, to Mr. Jocelyn Hambro, Coldstream Guards, eldest son of Mr. R. Olaf Hambro, has been announced.*

MISS CHRISTINA CHAN, *daughter of a Chinese diplomat and sister of the boy artist Chan, will appear in "The Bells of Moscow," the Anglo-Russian spectacle due at the London Coliseum on March 2.*

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN *recently visited the Headquarters of the Indian Comforts Fund at India House, and heard about the work carried on there. She is inspecting the packing section.*

BRIDES, BRIDEGROOMS, WAR-WORKERS, ARTISTS:

The marriage of MISS ELIZABETH HAMBRO, daughter of Mr. A. V. Hambro, M.P., to Capt. B. C. Bonsor, R.A., eldest son of Sir Reginald Bonsor, Bt., will take place shortly.

These girls are "posting" salvage in one of the special "pillar-boxes" of Coulsdon and Purley. They are labelled Surveyors' POST-script, so can't be mistaken for ordinary pillar-boxes. Don't forget that every bit of waste paper is needed, so look through your cupboards and see what YOU can send.

MISS PAMELA MARY DAUVERGNE DUNCAN is a Ferry Pilot in the A.T.A. She is the second daughter of Mr. Norman Duncan, and is engaged to Captain Spencer Alexander Gollan.

MRS. RICHARD TAUBER (Diana Napier) is in the F.A.N.Y., and is in charge of the Women's Transport Service attached to the Polish Forces.

The marriage of MR. M. P. M. LOFTUS, Scots Guards, eldest son of Captain C. P. Loftus, M.P., to MISS ANNE E. DE LA PASTURE, only daughter of Marquis and Marquise de la Pasture, took place at Brompton Oratory.

CAPTAIN PATRICK CHARLES BRITTEN, Grenadier Guards, only son of Colonel Charles Britten, married MISS ELIZABETH PHILLIPS, daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Henry Phillips, at the Guards' Chapel.

ALL PEOPLE IN THE NEWS OF TO-DAY.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY STATESMEN
ROBERT DONAT AND ROBERT

JOHN MILLS *plays William Wilberforce, Pitt's greatest friend and confidant, in "The Young Mr. Pitt."*

The eighteenth century is admirably evoked by reputed to be the onl

"THE YOUNG MR. PITT," which will provide Mr. Rob
Pitt, Britain's youngest Prime Minister, is being m
London in a convincing way, as great pains have been tak
Laurence Broadhouse, Maurice Carter and William Bowden,
Parliament as they were before the fire of 1832, and St. James
the screen as they looked in the reign of George III. Mr. Ch
of No. 10, Downing Street, and Buckingham Palace has been
by Cecil Beaton, who designed the costumes, show how the atmos

Left: ROBERT MORLEY *as Charles James Fox. His physical resemblance to the famous statesman is remarkable.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

N.B. Colour plate

N LIVE AGAIN ON THE SCREEN: MORLEY AS PITT AND FOX.

is still of PHYLLIS CALVERT as *Eleanor Eden,* *romance of Pitt's life.*

Donat with his longest and most important rôle as William e at Shepherd's Bush, and should evoke eighteenth-century to get the period settings correct. Three young architects, ave been at work on the film scenery, and the Houses of es Street, Bond Street and Brooks's Club will be presented on hrchill has sanctioned the taking of photographs of the interior constructed from a contemporary painting. Our fine photographs osphere of the period has been captured by the leading players.

Right: MARGARET VYNER *as the Duchess of Devonshire, admirer and friend of Charles James Fox.*

BY CECIL BEATON.

nserted in this issue.

ROBERT DONAT *as William Pitt, outside No. 10, Downing Street, as it was in his day.*

TWO YEARS OLD THIS MONTH: THE BEAVER CLUB—

Canadian soldiers coming down the double staircase of the Beaver Club, which is decorated in turquoise blue and scarlet.

Where business is always brisk: the canteen. During its two years of life, the Beaver Club has served 1,266,060 meals and snacks.

MRS. MORTIMER APPLEBY, *in charge of the Field Comforts, has the pleasant task of distributing woollies, sweets, and other gifts.*

Boys from Vancouver and Alberta chatting with MRS. VINCENT MASSEY; *and (right) Gunner Paul, of West Falls, Ont., talking to* MR. VINCENT MASSEY. *A young soldier from New Brunswick is in the centre.*

THE BEAVER CLUB is the Canadian soldiers' home from home in London. It was opened by the King and Queen on February 19, 1940, and celebrated its second birthday last week, when the Duke and Duchess of Kent arranged to attend the party. The Duke of Gloucester went to the first birthday gathering on February 19, 1941. The Club, which is run by a Committee of prominent Canadians in London, under the chairmanship of

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

CANADIAN SOLDIERS' LONDON HOME FROM HOME.

Another view of the canteen. The meals and snacks are served by a voluntary staff, and the Club is open night and day.

Where presents from Canada are distributed: the Field Comforts department of the Club.

MRS. VINCENT MASSEY, *wife of the High Commissioner for Canada, is here seen in conversation with a young man from Alberta. Gunner Paul, of Ontario, is in the centre.*

Supreme content is on every face, for these Canadian soldiers are immersed in the study of newspapers from their home towns.

the High Commissioner, Mr. Vincent Massey, has during its two years of life served 1,266,060 meals; has been visited by 957,985 men; and has held 199 dances. During the last month the meals have averaged 3800 per day. There are 650 voluntary workers on the roll, of whom 125 are on duty daily. Mrs. Vincent Massey takes a personal and active interest in the Club, and is responsible for the delightful furnishing and decoration.

CECIL BEATON.

GIRLS WHO MADE THE BEAUTY GRADE FOR "LOUISIANA PURCHASE":

ELEANOR STEWART *is one of the thirteen front-line show girls directed in dance numbers by Sam Ledner. They were chosen from one thousand candidates.*

ALAINE BRANDES *won a part in "Louisiana Purchase" and a contract. A former Chicago model, Miss Brandes had been in Hollywood for less than two years.*

LYNDA GREY *was brought from New York to Hollywood from the stage cast of "Louisiana Purchase" for the screen version, and is remaining at the studio under term contract.*

"LOUISIANA PURCHASE," Broadway smash-hit musical which ran for fifty-six weeks on the stage, is likely to be equally popular in its Paramount picture form. Vera Zorina, one of the principals, is pictured on another page, and here are eight of the specially selected show girls who appear in colourful and spectacular dance numbers directed by Sam Ledner. They were chosen

[*Continued opposite.*

KATHERINE BOOTH *is a lovely gamine type, well suited by this high-waisted skirt and light blouse. The decorative show-girl sequences are brilliant examples of Technicolor.*

EIGHT OF THE BAKER'S DOZEN OF SPECIALLY SELECTED LOVELIES.

BARBARA SLATER *and* JEAN WALLACE *are red-head and blonde respectively. Miss Slater, a New Yorker, is the daughter of artist Mr. Edwin C. Slater. Miss Wallace, who comes from Chicago, has had modelling experience.*

BLANCHE GRADY, *a New York girl, was one of the candidates who came with flying colours through a screen test. She has been one of the most sought-after Powers models and has proved a distinct Technicolor type.*

Paramount made a lengthy search for thirteen most beautiful girls for the film of "Louisiana Purchase." The trouble is well worth while when it means finding someone like BARBARA BRITTON.

Continued.]

from a field of over 1000 candidates, which was narrowed down to 50, who were given special Technicolor film tests. Those who made the beauty grade represent the top line of American loveliness. "Louisiana Purchase" is a gay and witty take-off of U.S.A. politics. The fun is fast and furious and the spectacular side is brilliant and unusual. It was due at the Plaza on Feb. 20.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

A NEW book of poems by Miss Edith Sitwell would always be a literary event, but "Street Songs" more than fulfils the promise of the poet's name. The title is misleading if it suggests that any of these poems are likely to be sung in the streets: would that they were. But in another sense it is not misleading, for the poems that come first in the book—passionate laments for the condition of the human race to-day—seem to stream upwards from houses, roads and pavements that have been torn and splintered by the bombs of the night raiders. "If these should be silent, the very stones would cry out." It is the cry of the stones that we hear, but they are eloquent with Miss Sitwell's voice.

Civilisation's Disease.

Her theme, in these poems, is the mechanisation of the heart, "civilisation's disease," and the consequent shrinking of all human values to the mere framework that supports life and survives death—the skeleton, the bone. They are terrible poems; their slightly surrealist imagery appals the imagination and prepares the mind to receive the despairing conclusions the author has arrived at from contemplating the world about her. Not quite despairing, perhaps. Two of the most pessimistic poems, "Still Falls the Rain" and "Serenade," end with a flicker of hope. "Still Falls the Rain" is one of the finest religious poems in the language. It has all the emotional power of Mr. T. S. Eliot's religious poetry without his sometimes wilful obscurity; and the technical perfection of the verse, the sensitive spacing of the lines on the page, far from injuring the poem's spontaneity, add immeasurably to its solemnity. The promise of hope with which it ends is the hope that Christianity has always held out; whereas in "Serenade," which celebrates in verse of steely resilience the loves of the skeletons—"Come die with me and be my love"—comfort steals in from a thaw in the human heart itself, the "bright, summer-old folly of the rose." The terrifying image of the "steel-bird" that lays its deadly egg in the breast of the human mother makes "Lullaby" the poem in which the author's vision of the future—a world stripped bare of all accretion of sentiment—is most implacably set forth; though "Poor Young Simpleton," with its magnificent line, as mighty as Marlowe's, "The Flag of Blood flying across the world," is in some ways a more imaginative variation of the same theme.

The Summer Mood.

It is only, I repeat, a handful of poems which are inspired by this threatening vision of Man as "that worm with the brow of Cain." They are too full of pity and terror to be ugly, and they are not irresponsible outbursts of indignation; they are grievous with the pain the poet feels at having to avert her eyes from the beauty of the created world. To that she later returns; "The Weeping Rose," "The Swans" and "Most Lovely Shade" affirm her undiminished delight in beauty. The melting tenderness of "Most Lovely Shade," its exquisite cadences and dying falls, make it perhaps the loveliest poem in the book, as it is also one that is most characteristic of the poet in her summer mood. The lines—

> As I walked in the long and the light summer land
> All that I knew of shade
> Was the cloud, my ombrelle of rustling grey
> Sharp silk, it had spokes of grey steel rain—

are characteristic, too, with their Sitwellian device of conveying the evidence of one sense through the medium of another. Less characteristic—in fact, the only poem of its kind, and mood, in the book—is "How Many Heavens . . .", a triumphant shout of praise, a pæan of Christian pantheism such as might have been sung by St. Francis of Assisi. With this crescendo of ecstasy and the reverberating major chord on which it ends, I will leave this little book to make its own impression—its electrifying impression of spiritual meanings incandescent with poetic fire—on the reader.

Sanity and Reason.

"All Change, Humanity!" is a novel that might have been written to illustrate the difference in meaning between the words "sanity" and "reason." They are still used almost interchangeably; "to go insane" and "to lose one's reason" for most people mean much the same thing. For Mr. Houghton they mean something quite different. Contemplating the state of Europe, he decides that sanity has no vestige of reason in it, and the best chance of finding a reasonable outlook is to look for it in a madhouse.

His book is at once simple in idea and complex in treatment. The world of to-day—that is, the world on the eve of war—is represented by the Mannerings, an old family very much gone to seed, whose members, for various reasons, nearly all of them discreditable, are in urgent need of money. Money in untold quantities is available if only they can tap the source; for Christopher, step-relation to so many of them, is a multi-millionaire. But he has been declared insane and has gone to live in Beulah Island, a colony of lunatics. When the story opens he has recovered his sanity and returned to the world; but the greedy pack of relations, unconvinced by the doctor's verdict, live in terror that he will bestow his fortune on some cause less worthy than themselves. Drake, the narrator of the story, an entirely penniless young man, finds himself by a strange stroke of Fate appointed Christopher's guardian and companion. He goes to Christopher's London house to begin his duties, but weeks pass and his employer does not appear.

Fantasy and Realism.

It may be said at once that Christopher's appearances are very few and not very effective. Possessing the secret of the world's recovery, the "insanity" that will cure it, he moves on a plane of fantasy, and Drake has to join him there. The description of their ideal *ménage*, though more convincing than some accounts of Utopia, does not quite ring true. The bulk of the story, which consists of a highly realistic investigation into the seamy side of the lives of the Mannerings, does not, perhaps, ring true either: Mr. Houghton is too naturally romantic a writer to be able to imitate the surface of any social stratum or to be a reliable guide to what goes on in its depths. But he has tremendous assets as a novelist. He can make his central idea live, and exemplify it in the behaviour of human beings; he is a master of technique and construction; he has a wonderful ear for dialogue and can not only make it reveal character, but (perhaps a rarer feat) be extremely entertaining in itself. The diverting patter of Mr. Godfrey Bristowe, the effortless and effective rudeness of Rupert Mannering, are a never-failing delight. They are rather light-weight characters, but even the heavier guns, who detonate in an atmosphere of

[*Continued overleaf.*

THE BEST THEATRES.

Starred by "The Sketch." ***=*highest value.*

**Ambassadors: "OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES." Superb evacuee comedy. Mary Clare; Phyllis Dare.

** Apollo: "OLD ACQUAINTANCE." Edith Evans in John van Druten's play. Perfect acting.

*** Comedy: "RISE ABOVE IT," Second Edition. Burlesque revue with Hermione Baddeley; Hermione Gingold; Walter Crisham; Henry Kendall.

**Garrick: "WARN THAT MAN." Gordon Harker foils a Fifth Columnist.

** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.

**Hippodrome: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver; Jeanne Ravel; Celia Lipton.

**His Majesty's: "LADY BEHAVE." Glamorous speedy musical comedy. Stanley Lupino; Sally Gray.

*Lyric: "THE NUTMEG TREE." Comedy with Yvonne Arnaud.

**Palladium: "GANGWAY." George Black's musical smile; with Tommy Trinder; Bebé Daniels; Ben Lyon.

***Piccadilly: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward brings two ghost wives back to earth. Fay Compton; Kay Hammond; Cecil Parker; Margaret Rutherford.

***Prince's: "FUN AND GAMES." Just what its name implies. Sydney Howard; Arthur Riscoe; Vera Pearce; Richard Hearne.

**Saville: "UP AND DOING." Revue. Leslie Henson; Binnie Hale; Cyril Ritchard; Stan Holloway; (Ends Feb. 28.)

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

St. Martin's: "JAM TO-DAY." Beatrix Lehmann in comedy.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

*Windmill: Non-stop revudeville.

PANTOMIMES.

Palace (2 and 5.30): "JACK AND JILL." Arthur Askey; Florence Desmond. ***Stoll*** (Daily, 1.30 and 5.30): "BABES IN THE WOOD." Nervo and Knox; Jay Laurier.

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

Dr. Jekyll (SPENCER TRACY) reads with horror of the murder committed by his evil self, Mr. Hyde.

Hyde, the monster, falls on Ivy Peterson (INGRID BERGMAN) and brutally murders her.

LANA TURNER as Beatrix Emery, the beautiful young girl whom Dr. Jekyll loves.

Dr. Jekyll has an interview with the barmaid Ivy Peterson, to whom he turns when Beatrix goes abroad.

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE," famous supernatural "thriller" by Robert Louis Stevenson, has once more been made the subject of a film. The new M.-G.-M. version at the Empire has Spencer Tracy in the dual rôle of the good Doctor and the monster Hyde. Mr. Tracy plays the parts with great subtlety, for he does not make himself up to look like a sub-human monster for the Hyde sequences. He relies on comparatively slight alterations which suggest the evil character of the man, but allow him to retain a resemblance to Dr. Jekyll, and thus convey the idea of dual personality. The film is reviewed by Miss C. A. Lejeune on our "Cinema Cameo" pages.

Dr. Jekyll, although in love with Beatrix, is attracted by the common, but fascinating barmaid, Ivy.

SPENCER TRACY as Dr. Jekyll, whose scientific experiments enable him to separate his good from his evil self.

The tragic finale: Poole (PETER GODFREY; r.) and the Police who have come to arrest Dr. Jekyll for Hyde's horrible crimes.

SPENCER TRACY AS DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

Continued.]
adultery, swindling, bankruptcy and suicide, can generally produce a good phrase. The narrator confesses himself to be rather a dull man, but it is he who makes the *mot* which is one of the cornerstones of Mr. Houghton's grandiose edifice:

"All the solutions proposed for Europe's ills sound pretty futile to me. Everyone seems to think that you can alter hell by rearranging the furniture."

Change or Perish.

His solution is the familiar one—that human nature must alter or perish.

"I'm certain of only one thing, and that is that modern people are insane—every man-jack of them. Our thoughts are insane—our emotions are insane—our very hopes are insane. We have become dehumanised. It is we who are mad, not Christopher. . . . We have, literally, ceased to be human beings. You were right when you said that Caliban was becoming fashionable nowadays. Well, I've no doubt that Prospero seemed a madman to Caliban. . . ."

discovered to be governed by "graft" in a degree which surprised them, but on the whole they got on well with the Mexicans, and thought they had "a better chance of making a living by being in touch with the world." In parenthesis I must add that Mrs. Johnstone is slightly self-conscious, and even self-congratulatory, about this business of making a living, as though it conferred a special distinction and no one had ever attempted it before. Also, though she is "down on" the rich ("the idea of living among the rich foreign residents, even if we had had the money, was . . . repellent"), she seems inclined, a trifle inconsistently, to use her gentle birth and social credentials to overawe obstructive officials with whom, very pardonably, she was often impatient.

Her husband got his job, and thenceforward life in the cottage at Cuernavaca, fifty miles from Mexico, passed pleasantly and not uneventfully, with social occasions, domestic difficulties, a brush with the police, and finally a holiday on horseback—a lonely expedition very well described. With her engaging frankness,

These officers belong to the MAINTENANCE BRANCH OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE. *As the name implies, this is a widespread organisation, and calls for the close co-operation of all commands, high and lower. The standard of our Maintenance is second to none, and all those caricatured by Fred May carry on the high tradition of the Service.* [CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.]

His friend, the sanest of the Mannerings, and the most happy-go-lucky, is not impressed by this tirade, and though the narrator announces his intention of going off to join the lunatics on Beulah Island, the story ends on a placid note. It is an interesting, challenging piece of work; perhaps a little too irresponsible in spirit to be taken quite as seriously as the author means.

From Spain to Mexico.

When the Spanish war was over and the World War had not yet begun, Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone left Spain, where they had been living for some years, and moved to Mexico. Their political sympathies were with the Left; they were much attached to Republican Spain, and hoped to find in Mexico something of its spirit, as well as its language.

Mrs. Johnstone tells the story of the migration and the settlement, and illustrates it with delightful pen-and-ink sketches. Chronically hard up, she and her husband could not afford the luxuries of travel, but they do not repine at this and the reader benefits, for travelling light and in some discomfort they saw more of the world than they might otherwise have done; and similarly when they reach Mexico the necessity of doing everything for themselves puts them at once in close touch with the manners and customs of the country. These latter they

Mrs. Johnstone says, "While I do not enjoy writing I do not find it a great hardship." This, of course, is not the right attitude for an artist, but there is a subdued zest and a dry humour in "Sombreros Are So Becoming" which make me think that Mrs. Johnstone writes for pleasure as well as for a living.

A Well-Kept Secret.

Mr. Belton Cobb's position as a detective-story writer is so assured, and his versatility so remarkable, that there is no need to praise him. One contents oneself with pointing out new features: for example, in "Home Guard Mystery" the clever device which excuses Gregory Bairstowe from informing the police of the unpopular Sergeant Cunningham's disappearance. I do not think the motive for the murder quite adequate—how seldom it is!—but the criminal's identity is a secret so well kept, and at the same time so guessable, that the ultimate revelation gives one a little shock of satisfaction at having been fairly beaten in such a narrow field.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Street Songs. By Edith Sitwell. (*Macmillan; 4s. 6d.*)
All Change, Humanity! By Claude Houghton. (*Collins; 9s. 6d.*)
Sombreros Are So Becoming. By Nancy Johnstone. (*Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.*)
Home Guard Mystery. By Belton Cobb. (*Longmans; 7s. 6d.*)

The thirty-first of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY WILTON WILLIAMS *is published in this issue of "The Sketch."*

This is how VERA ZORINA, *the American ballerina and screen-star, likes to rest her flying feet between spectacular dance numbers. She's playing her original part of Maria von Duren in the Paramount picture version of the Broadway stage success, "Louisiana Purchase," in which she stars with Victor Moore and Irene Bordoni. The film is in Technicolor and the brilliance of the New Orleans Mardi Gras scenes is a feature of the production. The show is an amusing take-off of politics, and has a characteristically tuneful Irving Berlin score.*

Just a little acrobatic exercise which VERA ZORINA *carries out with the greatest of ease on the lawn of her Beverly Hills home.*

ZORINA *of the flying feet. A dramatically lovely dancing leap made during a practice session at the star's home.*

ACTION AND REPOSE BY ZORINA OF THE FLYING FEET.

RECONSTRUCTION.*

By ANTHONY SKENE.

WHEN they found that Cathew was dead they naturally sent for me. I was not only a very old friend of his; but, in addition, I happen to be the Chief Constable. Walker was there—he 's another old friend of Cathew's—and Petersen, Cathew's secretary. Walker and Petersen had been alone, except for the servants, at the time of the tragedy, and they were alone when I arrived.

Poor Cathew was still in his desk-chair, but he had fallen sideways and there was a thing like a fountain-pen sticking out of his vest. This, Petersen said, was the hilt of a stiletto which his employer used as a paper-knife; and, as a matter of fact, there was a partly uncut book on the desk. You might suppose that Cathew had been cutting the pages of this book and accidentally run the stiletto into his own body.

Not very convincing, perhaps; but what alternative was there? Suicide was unthinkable; as for murder, Cathew's windows were fastened and his door was bolted on the inside.

What was more, Walker and Petersen were together when they heard somebody—presumably Cathew—start the radiogram in Cathew's room; and, to all intents and purposes, they remained together until after the finding of Cathew's body.

This is how it was: Cathew—a J.P. and a social worker—was a man of fixed habits. Every day when dinner was over he worked for an hour, then Petersen took him a glass of hot milk, and he worked for another hour or thereabouts; after which, while he was tidying-up, he put on a gramophone record. This was his regular weekday routine. While the record was playing, or shortly after, he would appear to greet Walker and settle down with him to a game of chess.

On this night Petersen had taken him his hot milk at eight-thirty, and at nine-fifteen Walker and Petersen had heard the record being played. It was the "Valse Triste" from Sibelius. At nine-thirty, as he did not appear, Petersen ventured to knock on his door. There was no reply, and he called Walker.

They found the door bolted. Nothing surprising in this; because Cathew frequently, if not invariably, bolted his door. He liked to secure himself against interruption and had had a small brass bolt fixed for this purpose.

They tried to look in through the windows from outside. The black-out defeated them, and they got one open by breaking a pane of glass. Petersen entered and pulled the curtain aside. They saw Cathew dead.

The used tumbler was still there. I picked it up and sniffed it.

"Hot milk," said Petersen.

"Just so."

I had a look at the radiogram. It was, of course, electric, one of those that automatically switches off when a record is finished.

"How do you think it happened?" asked Walker.

This was a chance I had been looking for.

"I know how it happened."

Walker looked rather startled. He hadn't expected anything as dogmatic as that—not from me.

"I wonder," he said, "if your idea is the same as mine."

I knew it wasn't, but I didn't say so.

"What I imagine," he went on, "is that Cathew put on the record, then returned to cut a few more pages of his book. He picked up the stiletto, tripped over something, fell against the table and—er—impaled himself. Terrible. Terrible."

It wasn't half as terrible as my own theory. He was prepared to hear that now, but I wasn't prepared to divulge it. This was not the moment.

"I don't think I 'll tell you," I said, "what my own idea is. I 'll do better: I 'll reconstruct the crime."

"Crime!"

Walker and Petersen said the word in the same moment.

"Did I say 'crime'? Well, let it go at that. I want you both to return to the room where you were waiting for Cathew to finish his work."

I took them back. "Now," I said, "I am Petersen taking in the hot milk. You will remain here."

I shut the door on them. Then I found the fuse-box: it was quite near, under the stairs. I had expected that. The fuse-blocks were labelled and I pulled one half out.

I went to Cathew's study and moved the needle on to the Sibelius record. After that I went out and bolted the door after me.

Bolted the door? Certainly. It was quite easy. A bit of string would have done the trick, but I used a pipe-cleaner, one end twisted around the bolt-knob and the other through the keyhole. I shut the door, gave a hard pull and the bolt shot home. The cleaner came loose in my hand.

I put the key back where I had found it, on the outside of the door, and returned to Walker and Petersen.

"I have taken in the hot milk. Now what do I do? Don't forget that I am Petersen. What did *he* do?"

They found this difficult to answer. So far as they could remember Petersen had done nothing: smoked and talked, that was all.

I had to prompt. "Try to remember. This is a reconstruction. I want to do everything that Petersen did."

"Well," said Walker, "he did nothing. When we found that Cathew was rather a long time he *did* go out into the hall to get a newspaper, but——"

"Then I must go out into the hall."

I went out and pushed the fuse-block into place.

"Now," I told them, "Cathew is in his room. We are waiting for him for some indication that——"

And then the "Valse Triste" began to be played: tum tum—tum tum tum. . . .

Walker jerked up. "Who the devil started that record?"

"I did."

"Impossible. You——"

"Easy enough: the radiogram was already switched on. I pushed in the fuse and that set it going. What is more, you will find Cathew's door bolted on the inside."

Petersen's nerve gave way. He must have been strung to breaking-point already. I had counted on that—for a confession.

"How did you find out?"

He couldn't keep the words back.

I struck while the iron was hot.

"What was it, Petersen? Revenge?"

"Yes, he treated me like a dog. Cathew may have seemed a decent sort to you: he treated me like a dog; and I killed him, and I 'm glad. How did you find out?"

"You were clever, Petersen; it was almost a perfect crime; but there was one thing you didn't know, and that one thing was your undoing. Cathew was an avowed teetotaller, but he kept a bottle in his cupboard, which may have been one of the reasons why he bolted his door. He didn't like hot milk—by itself—and it was his habit to lace it pretty freely with Scotch whisky.

"When I smelt his glass, I knew that that milk had been drunk by somebody else. It had to be drunk, you see: he would never have let it get cold. You thought of that; but you didn't think about the whisky, because he had hidden that even from you. When I knew that the milk had been drunk by somebody else I knew that he had not been alive to drink it. The rest was, well—reconstruction."

I picked up hat and gloves.

"You had better come with me," I said.

THE END.

"Whitaker's Almanack, 1942" is late this year, as the works of the London binders and printers were destroyed in a raid; but we have to thank the *Luftwaffe* for the improved appearance of the new edition, as the enforced resetting of the book provided the opportunity for selecting a new type, rather more up to date than that chosen over seventy years ago! "Whitaker's Almanack" is as comprehensive as ever, and as well arranged. There is practically no subject on which it fails to provide information. The events of the second year of the war are fully chronicled; and the usual three editions are issued—Clothbound Complete at 10s.; Library with section of maps at 15s.; and paper-covered Short edition at 5s.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

A REAL TREAT

To men who have an appreciation for fine whisky, a glass of "Black and White" is always *a real treat.*

"BLACK & WHITE"

"It's *the* Scotch!"

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"WHY don't you get some new ones?" asked Our Stroller. "These loud-speakers of yours are so noisy that I can't hear what they say."

"A good many of us are asking the same thing," his broker replied, "but I doubt whether our Trustees and Managers will agree to pay the cost of installing a fresh set."

"The Stock Exchange financial year ends in March," another member remarked, "and I bet the Managers won't allow a penny to be spent that they don't consider essential."

"Shall we get a dividend on our House shares? I 'll sell you mine for a fiver a share. How about it?"

"I thought we were forbidden to deal in dividends that haven't been declared? It 's in the Rules, isn't it?"

"Really? I didn't know that. We can't be expected to learn all our two hundred Rules, plus about fifty appendices. . . . Oh, you 're the chap I was looking for. What 's the touch in Associated British Pictures?"

The jobber he addressed gave him the price.

"Nothing closer?"

"That 's a business price. How many shares are you?"

"I 've got some of those, haven't I?" Our Stroller asked his broker.

"With great difficulty, I pushed you into five hundred A.B.P.", the broker answered.

"Speaking from memory, you have about eighteenpence or two bob a share profit. Do you want to take it? Good interest on your money, and profits pay no tax, you know."

"It 's tempting," Our Stroller admitted. "But the Company has declared a dividend since then, and I don't see why it shouldn't carry on, now that it has made a start. I shot out of my Argentine Railways too soon, and I don't want to repeat that mistake."

"It 's no use jobbing backwards. Leave that to the other House. Mind you, I did say that when people realised the world will be standing on the verge of famine after the war we should see a big rise in Argentine Railways stocks."

"Don't rub it in: I ought to have made a little fortune out of the things you bought for me then. However, I sold before the big rise came, so that 's that."

"You made a profit, at any rate. It isn't everyone who is lucky enough to do so, you should remember. And that reminds me: didn't you buy Fresnillo Mines a while ago?"

"I did. They 're registered at the Bank of England now, and I get good dividends from them. There must be about ten shillings a share profit on them. They 've come up quite a bit lately. What made you think of them?"

"I don't know. But wouldn't it be as well to get out while the going 's good?"

"People seem to have been chasing Mexican stocks recently. I suppose the Mexican Eagle rise has given them a good advertisement. Have you been in the Eagle business?"

"Not this time. I must be one of the few men who haven't had a stab at them. But the rise couldn't go on for ever."

"Any more than the rise in Ultramar," commented a dealer, turning round to sharpen his pencil. "Not that I 'd care to be a bear of them. Too dangerous for me."

"And for most of us," the broker agreed. "But those Fresnillo?" he asked his client.

"What am I to do with the money if I take my profit? I 've nothing in view at the moment."

"Put it into National War Bonds or Defence Threes, of course. You exchange a mining risk for a gilt-edged security, and you 're putting your shoulder to the wheel of the national effort. Isn't that sound finance as well as sound sense?"

"It sounds so. I 'd like——"

"Exactly. That 's what we would all like: to back up our boys, you were going to say?"

"I 'd like a spice of speculation with part of the profit. That 's what I meant to tell you."

"Right you are. Put yourself and your country on velvet with the bulk of the money, and then play about with the balance."

"What shall I play with?"

"National Railways of Mexico bonds or Mex. Irrigation."

"You advise me to buy Mexican Nationals just after you 've told me to sell Fresnillo shares? Consistency, thy name is Capel Court!"

"Our markets deal in securities, not in logic," the broker, unabashed by the charge, affably replied. "You hanker for a speculation. I give you one. What's wrong with that?"

"You 're simply begging the question——"

"Beggars needn't be losers. First, you plank all the money you can spare into one of the war issues, and then you can look round for—for—whatever tickles your fancy, Billy boy. Hullo!" he called to a passing broker. "What are you looking so miserable about?"

"You 'd look miserable yourself if you had a letter like this," and he held it out.

"Client of mine — decent chap, too—wants to put five hundred pounds each into five gilt-edged industrials that pay five per cent."

"Can't be done, of course."

"I know it can't. I must suggest alternatives that yield a lesser rate, and are front-rank shares."

"Not too easy, is it? Reckitts, Coats and Courtaulds, Tate and Lyle, Imperial Tobacco and Chemicals——"

"The same old hackneyed things we have been advising for years."

"I would suggest Home Railway stocks if it weren't that he might be prejudiced against them. And for post-war prospects, I would say British Insulated, Callenders, Henley's, General Electrics, and things like that. The yields are very low: that 's the snag."

"It 's a snag, as you say. But you 're looking to big developments in the future, aren't you?"

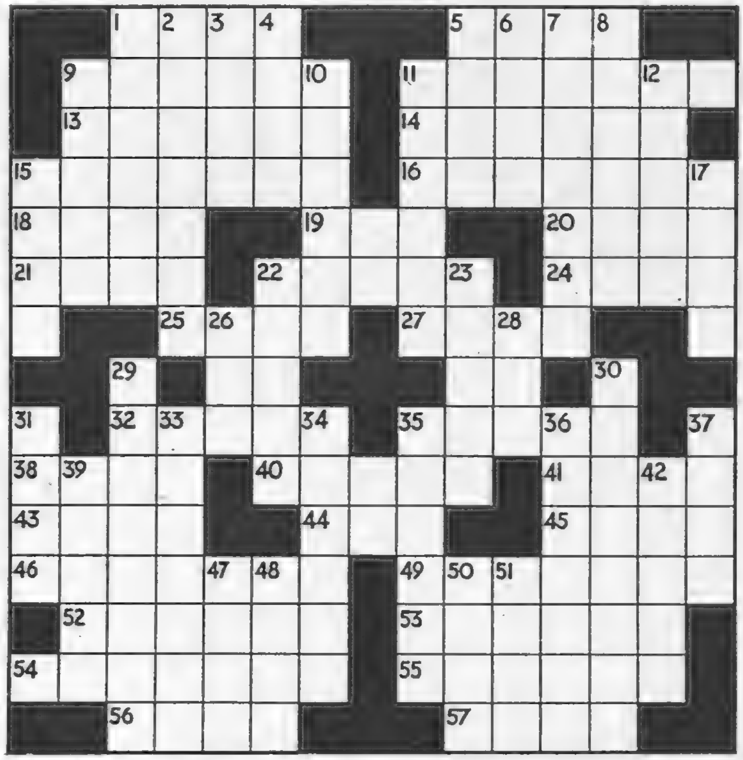
"So are we all. You can no more assess to-day's values than you can buy a cake of soap without giving up a coupon."

"Well," said his partner, happening along, "I hope they won't cut down the Stock Exchange supply. I do like to leave the House with clean hands!"

"Then fill one of them with Defence Threes and the other with National War Bonds," the broker laughed, "and don't leave it to somebody else to take in the national washing!"

Friday, February 20, 1942.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



(N.B.—No clues are given to two-letter spaces.)

ACROSS.

1. Peak point for geometer in his cups? (4).
5. A bit of a frost (4).
9. Winners in this are fast (6).
11. Inveterate grumblers (7).
13. Highly decorative (6).
14. Rare and refreshing fruit (6).
15. Show with hackneyed start (7).
16. Free (7).
18. Slight upset in the moat (4).
19. Drunk in Malta? (3).
20. I am mixed up in a money tangle (4).
21. Forfeit (4).
22. Wealth up north (5).
24. Incline (4).
25. Document (4).
27. Orderly (4).
32. Still aglow in a November fog (5).
35. Cornish river (5).
38. Height of perfection reached in Anzac memorials (4).
40. Complete confusion of Carlotta after losing her car (5).
41. Fruit for which we can only pine? (4).
43. She comes down to her last penny in a shelter (4).
44. Invert a hill! Nonsense (3).
45. Mimics (4).
46. Superlatively 27 (7).
49. "Her feet have touch'd the ———. and left the daisies rosy" (7).
52. Apt to be converted to Belial (6).
53. Consequence of 55 (6).
54 Military unit (7).
55. Unlawful acts (6).
56. Period containing 32 days (4).
57. This speaks for itself (4).

DOWN.

1. R. Bacon, thou art translated (6).
2. Anonymous (7).
3. It may make or guide sailors (4).
4. Shortened Saint (4).
5. Speed-merchant often in jug (4).
6. Given by the mouth (6).
7. Stay, Men! (anag.) (7).
8. Treat royally, finishing with beer (6).
9. The racoon's American cousin (5).
10. Hold up (6).
11. "And with thee fade away into the ——— dim" (6).
12. Siren suffers a sticky change (5).
15. Where diners may see 15 across (4).
17. Film star with the Nelson touch? (4).
22. Harassed on all sides (5).
23. Fibre used in making rope (5).
26. Movement of water (3).
28. This is somewhat obscure (3).
29. Ride lame (anag.) (8).
30. How a man presses his suit (8).
31. This is itself, and so is its antithesis (4).
33. Act as go-between (7).
34. Decayed (6).
35. Sailor and Scot combine to make road surface (6).
36. Mix one day with 38 for an educational institution (7).
37. Hawk harness (4).
39. Start of many illnesses (5).
42. Small amphibians (5).
47. Dislocated bone (4).
48. Payment through this may be inevitable (4).
50. Goes astray (4).
51. Operatic solo (4).

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, FEBRUARY 11.

ACROSS.—1. Oxfordshire. 7. Discord. 8. Stirrup. 10. Thew. 11. Water. 12. Sgan. 15. Instant. 16. Spousal. 17. Equator. 20. Ashanti. 22. Teal. 23. Askew. 24. Etna. 27. Ladders. 28. Irksome. 29. Dressmakers.

DOWN.—1. Oysters. 2. Foot. 3. Radiant. 4. Systems. 5. Isis. 6. Enrage. 7. Detrimental. 9. Penultimate. 13. Waste. 14. Botha. 18. Unaided. 19. Resists. 20. America. 21. Nations. 25. Rede. 26. Skye.

NEWS FROM HOME

Dear Mr. Gerald:

I am writing this letter by the light of a hurricane lamp in the coach house, which is now the guard room of the Home Guard. I expect your own guard room will be a tent, being out in a hot climate as you are.

I have just relieved old Moleskin Widger — the one that used to be a poacher and never did a day's work in his life, but now is a full corporal, and works hard on the land as well, being quite reformed by the war.

We were talking about when the war is over, and Moleskin said why not roast an ox whole and have a barrel of beer? I said why not fireworks as well, but he said he could do without such fiddle faddles as fireworks, and put the money towards a second barrel of beer.

Meanwhile, Sir, I have not been totally oblivious of the need for preparing for some post-war celebrations of a more domestic nature. Although Rose's Lime Juice has become very scarce, I have obtained five bottles which I am keeping in the cellar, the key of which I retain upon my person. It would be a great pity if such a pleasant occasion should be marred by headaches or hangovers.

Trusting that your health remains good in the warm climate in which you are stationed.

I am,

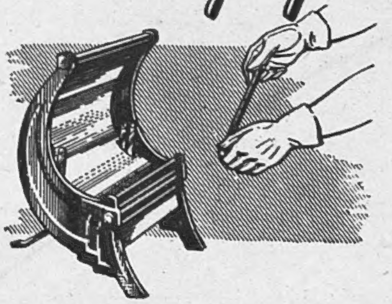
Yours most respectfully,

Albert Hawkins

(Sergeant, Home Guard)

ROSE'S — *the Wise Man's Nightcap*

Change the Heat with the changing seasons



FERRANTI

Radiant Electric FIRE

ELECTRIC fires are, of course, designed primarily for winter use, but they are ideal for occasional warmth in spring and summer. The two-bar Ferranti Fires provide a choice of "heats" by switching on one or both "elements." But you can vary the heat of a single-bar fire by having a "spare" element of lower capacity. If your FERRANTI Fire is not giving maximum efficiency, or if you have an old fire which has been discarded, you will probably find that some minor replacement will bring it into active service again. Our expert advice is always available.

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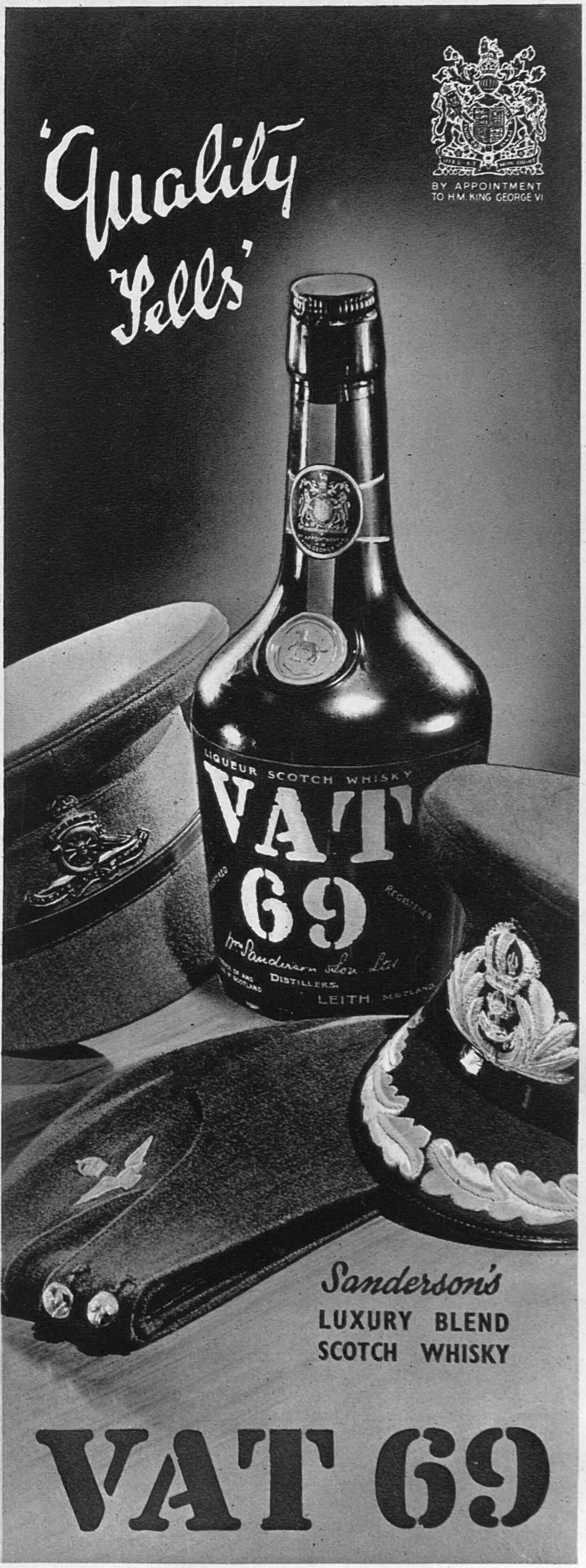
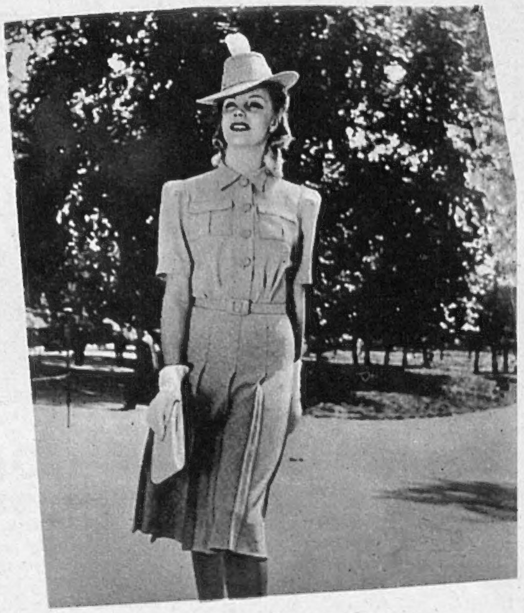


WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD. LEITH



SIMPLE, becoming and practical are the spring fashions portrayed above. They are carried out in British Celanese Celanova and Cenella. The suit on the left introduces a divided skirt and blouse, thus the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. The model in the centre has the skirt arranged with box-pleats which cleverly conceal a divided skirt: beneath the coat is a blouse. The last of the trio is frequently called a shirt waist, and is very pretty.

WOMEN IN WARTIME

SKIRTS—DIVIDED AND PANELLED.

TWEED TAILOR-MADES.

WELL-DRESSED women will not cavil at the statement that the backbone of the spring outfit is a tweed tailor-made. The coats are about 26 in. long, and the skirts, whether divided or not, are arranged with inverted or box-pleats. The colour schemes of the striped and checked tweeds suggest the shades present in moss in the spring as well as those in the autumn: cheerful pastel colours have their rôles to play. To Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, must be given the credit of the coat and skirt on the right. In this instance the overcheck is important.

Comfortably at your service

'Viyella' and 'Clydella' W.V.S. Blouses are designed for service. Their most important credentials are comfort, smartness, lasting texture and colours, and a capacity for standing up to wear and washing.

W.V.S. Shirt blouse, burgundy 'Viyella' (shade and style officially approved). Up to and incl. 15" neck, 16/11. Similarly in 'Clydella', 14/11. Larger sizes extra.

'Viyella' Regd. AND **'Clydella'** Regd.

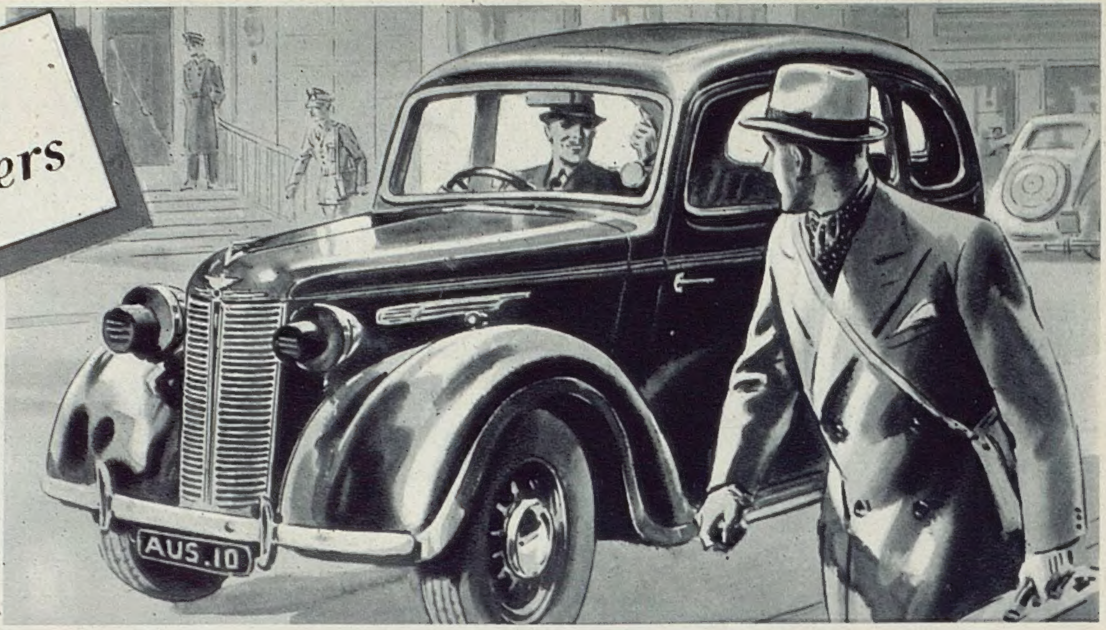
W.V.S. BLOUSES

Stocked by high-class Stores and Outfitters all over the country

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD. DAY NIGHT WEAR VIYELLA HOUSE NOTTINGHAM REGISTERED TRADE MARK

D.2

From AUSTINS to AUSTIN owners



WHEN YOU OFFER JONES A LIFT

As an Austin owner you cannot help feeling a bit pleased with yourself—and your Austin. Now that so many motorists—like poor old Jones—have had to lay up their cars indefinitely for want of spares, it's particularly gratifying to have your Austin still carrying on—piling up the miles of trouble-free motoring. Too bad for Jones, of course. If he'd followed your advice he'd be riding in an Austin of his own to-day instead of in yours. Well, well, it all brings home the practical wisdom of your choice.

Aren't you GLAD you invested in an AUSTIN

Read the Austin Magazine—it contains useful tips—4d monthly from your newsagent S.G.140

"ANY QUESTIONS?"

The first question comes from Mrs. Wilson, of Bolton. She asks: "Is there a shortage of Carr's Biscuits?"

The Manufacturer: "Although a great many of their Staff are away helping the National war effort, Carr's are actually producing more biscuits than ever before, and sharing them between the Services and Shops. Their high quality has led to increased demand, so grocers are occasionally sold out, but fresh supplies are constantly arriving."

The Philosopher: "As Aristotle says, 'Be a little patient and your turn will come!'"

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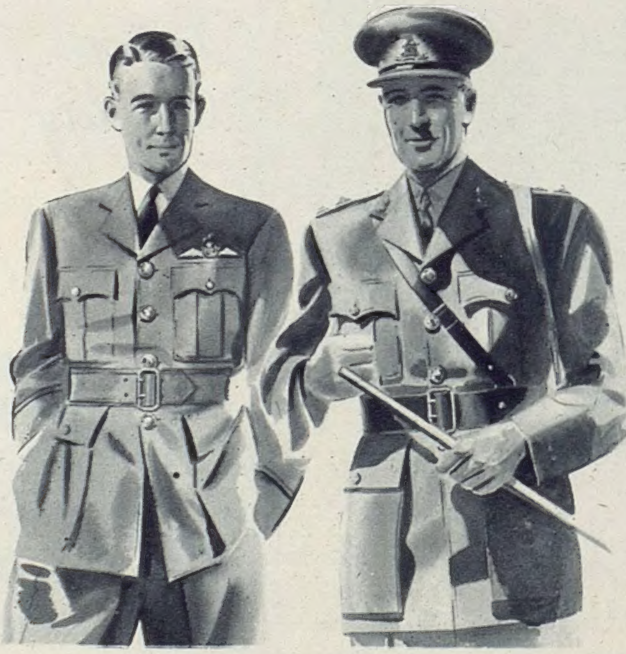

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